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JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| <i>Supposed date of composition</i> | <i>bef. 1520.</i> |
| <i>Supposed date of only extant copy</i> | <i>c. 1565.</i> |
| <i>Reproduced</i> | <i>1907.</i> |

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John the Evangelist.

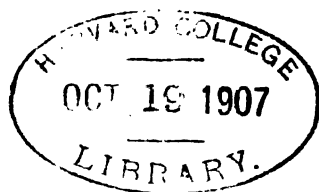


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JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

This play was untraced in modern times until recently. It is one of the three "Lost" plays recovered in 1906, when at auction sale it was purchased for the British Museum for £102. The press mark in the catalogue is C. 34, i, 20. John Waley, the printer of this edition, was in business from 1546 to 1586; but apparently there was an earlier edition or version. In the "Day Book of John Dorne," an Oxford bookseller, there is recorded in 1520 the sale of "1 saint jon ewangeliste en trelute 1[d]" ("Oxford Historical Society's Collectanea, 1885.")

Here begynneth the
enterlude of Johan
the Euangelyst.



17. Saynt Iohan the Euangelyst.

Domine auxis is omne desiderium meum
Et gemitus meus non est absconditus
The sweetest lyfe souerayn in this world to som
Is to haue medytacyon of our lord Iesus
Very contemplatyue god / worshypped thus
Wethyng in the soule / without any speche
God tendeth ryght moze the prayer with the hert of vs
Than the prayer of the mouth / the terte dothe teche
In medytacyon who so hath foxtence
The mouthe can not expresse the thoughtes of the herte
That holyest scruffyon is of so hye intelligence
As it rauyssheth the soule in to a blessed deserte
It selethe no ertyly thyng vnto the tyme it seuereth
Thus faced Magdalene when Martha complayned
She herde her not / in god her herte was so experte
For the angell at the sepulchre / loue so her constrainned
The cause why I reherce you the holy medytacyon
For it is myne exerceys expresse
Who so wyll laboure in this / must be his habytacyon
Be solytary in soule / of great quyetnesse
Therfore euer to the church I do me dresse
Rest / reuerence / and worshyp ther in shulde be
With cryng on Chyrt / and our synnes confesse
Beati qui habitant in domo tua domine.

¶ Eugenio.

Qui cum deo patri / graunted by the pope
A thousand four hundred / and neuer a day lesse
That hath herde this noble sermon / and thereon doth hope
Pena et culpa / here I them relese
It is not pte suche a pulpet man to sele
I praye you sy let vs here more of yowre pope holynes

For me thyngs I haue herde you saye of this at Rome
Irisidion.

Whome call you pope helpe.

Eugenio.

Suche a foole as thou art that clappeth out in blinde

Irisidion.

All vertues people to commend is myn oportie.

Eugenio.

Thou is Caton false/ and that he enuytes
For he sayth (Nec te collaudas / nec te culpaberis hie)

Great laudacions loueth thes hypocrites

(Qui se colaudat) &c.

As moze to you at this tyme

But vnderstande you this latyne.

Irisidion.

Cue sy I tooke.

Eugenio.

Responde tunc domine doctoz clericozum

But sy knowe you any tukes of cozum.

Irisidion.

Why so:

Eugenio.

A felow of myns was take with a Cuculorum

For a cupple boxes he stole in an euynge.

Irisidion.

What wolde ye haue me do in that case.

Eugenio.

Cursum opda for hym to synge

As shulde haue well why.

Irisidion.

I can not synge.

Eugenio.

¶ The fryre shulde but make a sprynge
Under a perche/ lokyng by towarde the skye.

¶ Iustition.

¶ Without god be thy frende/ y same deth shalt thou dye

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Mary I be shew me his herte that is our myghty.

¶ Iustition.

¶ What is thy name?

¶ Eugenio.

¶ I rede.

¶ Iustition.

¶ Eugenio I knowe the same.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ I say the deuyll tryke of thy herte
Doxelon who taught the so ryght to rede
I knowe some such spyrte be within the.

¶ Iustition.

¶ In the cyte of Hierusalem that is so called
I fear thou wylt neuer come to that holy wyke
That with twelue petyous stones is surely walled
Full stryde is the waye thyder to gone
And in to that castell entrynge is none
Without thou acquaynte the With two porters before
Hope is the fyrst/ and faythe the other one.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Lo so gostely he prayeth evermore
We dare not couge your conscience is so holy
But I pray you shewe me before
Which is the way to ponder castell ye prayse so greatlye.

¶ Iustition.

¶ouer the mede of mekenesse make thou the waye
Thau to the pathe of pacyence shalt thou passe

In to the lande of legends holde for the laye
And in the lande of detynell: labe thou not but the
Than measure in a marke / a foyr wauer hall
Reke thes hardely / and abyde all nyght.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Say that I wyl not by this lyght
But what callest thou this way.

¶ Iustition.

¶ Via recta / ledyng to lyfe
So Dauid named it in his daye
(Spes mea flectit in via recta)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Passeth all men by this towne ye.

¶ Iustition.

¶ Say / and the more pryte hereby I saye.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ What be they that goo that waye moste.

¶ Iustition.

¶ They that be enuyred with the holy goodes
As innocentes and vergins.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Mary I knowe none suche in all this cosse.

¶ Iustition.

¶ They that goo thyder muste be (Gratia electi)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Why is there no other way but this.

¶ Iustition.

¶ Yes on the lefte syde another there is
That is called (via obliqua et via circularis)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ And whyder draweth this.

¶ Iustition.

Euen ryght to be the
Who so walkes that way byn selfe he flethe.

↪ Eugenio.

Sy, who gothe that way so yll.

↪ Iustition.

All they that worketh the deuels wyll
As (Omnes iniqui in circuitu impij ambulantes.)

↪ Eugenio.

Thou arte a lowler by my trouthe I warrantes
Howe many by pathes be in that waye.

↪ Iustition.

Syre scope and odde I saye.

↪ Eugenio.

Ethan one can not sayle where he go by nyghte or daye
But may a man go to the steines that waye
As his pleasure ys he lyke to playe.

↪ Iustition.

It bynges men to the seete of euill araye
The lady of confusion lyeth thein
That Babylone is called / she is the ende of all synne.

↪ Eugenio.

Euylche way callith that countrey.

↪ Iustition.

To an yle in the north I saye
(Ab aquilone pandetur omnis malum)

↪ Eugenio.

That is the fyrst place that men shoulde assaye
Wherher it be hedged or walled.

↪ Iustition.

Euylch bowes and trees it is meynfully paled
There groweth the elders of euyl
Steked with payde full bye

Euen ryght to wether
Who so walkes that way hym selfe he fether.

↪ Eugenio.

Syn who gothe that way so yll.

↪ Iribollon.

All they that worketh the deuils wyll
As (Omnes iniqui in circuitu impij ambulantes.)

↪ Eugenio.

Thou arte a lowler by my trouthe I marraunt
Howe many by pathes be in that waye.

↪ Iribollon.

Syre scope and obbe I saye.

↪ Eugenio.

Ethan one can not saye where he go by nyghte or daye
But may a man go to the stremes that waye
At his pleasure if he lyke to playe.

↪ Iribollon.

It bynges men to the seete of euill awaye
The lady of confusion lyeth thein
That Babylone is called / she is the ende of all synne.

↪ Eugenio.

Whiche way cometh that countray.

↪ Iribollon.

To an yle in the north I saye
(Ab aquilone pendetur omnis malum)

↪ Eugenio.

That is the fyrst place that men shalde assaye
Wherher it be hedged or walled.

↪ Iribollon.

With bowes and trees it is maruagiously paled.
There groweth the clowes of enye
Staked with payde full bye

And the byres of babbtyng with wyath wyethed
Full of floury bulshes and lecherous thornes bys
With glotonous postes / and conetyle rayled throughouts
And at mylcheues gate many dothe in rounne.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ And where do they all become.

¶ Jrydylson.

¶ Downe to the dongyon where the deuyl dwelleth
Lucyfer that lothly loyde that is in bale byfles
There is wo vpon wo / as Chyft vs telleth
All that may dyscase and nothyng please / euer restles
There is froste / there is fyre
Hope is losse and her desyre
There care hath no recouer
Without pytie there is payne
To crye for mercy it is in vayne
For grace is gone for euer
(Finit tormentorum suorum
Ascendit in secula seculorum)
Lo thus hath losse wedded confusyon
Lucifers daughter dampnacyon
In hell to haue her stage
(Septum dominum peccati est mors)

¶ Eugenio.

¶ In fayth that is a knauyshe way to walke
Rowe a whyle of some mythe let vs talke
For I forsake that passage.

¶ Jrydylson.

¶ Nowe farewell sye and haue good daye
For I must goo another waye
Forget not my reasons sage.

¶ Eugenio.

What wyll ye goo your way
we haue done a fayne iourney to day
It is tyme for to be walkyng
for I am wery of your talkyng
As Iys he spake full holye
But yet I bethewe hym for all his clergy
He may well be called wittlesse I will
for I trowe his mayne is best as a wyndemyl
But none well remembred by booke or cronicle
I wolde haue a playster for all harmes
Some saye wouche to lye in myne armes
That wolde awaye all synnes
It were to me / administrate nos
Et reaurate nos / also comfortate nos
we / and somtyme I will take mennes wyues
for cokolde makers both myner lyues
Than they that do all the cosse
As to wedde at the church dore / and there to be shewen
perhap her husband shulde haue an hoire
Than may he curse the tyme that euer he was boire
for all the lous is losse
Clerkes say that of wedlocke god that knot doth knyt
And yet women do benten to byke it
for though they soules shulde lye in hell yet
They will vse that sorow worke
And yf they so dye
It ropes cometh full sodaynly
And of they be woe full slyly
He lecherh them downe in the darke
The curtelye of Englands is ofte to kys
And of it selfe it is lecherh where pleasure is
All yonge folke remembre this

Intentio iudicat quenquam
So great de lyte thou mayst haue therein
That afoze god it is deedly synne
But farewell / yonder cometh syr **Wyllyam of trentem.**

✠ S. Johan the Euangelyste.

¶ That lord which is princypall
Conserue and kepe this congregacyon
And couer you with his mantell perpetuall
After that ye do passe with dethes bysytacyon
This prince bynge you to that holy nacyon
Where loue dothe dwell with visgynyte
And to gyue you playne infyrmacyon
In that realme dwelleth the holy trynYTE
I am Johan / that presently dothe apers
Called the grace of god by interpretacyon
And of my doctryne yf ye lyte to here
Woche can I shewe you of Chyttes incarnacyon
And of his passyon / so; verely I was there
I sawe hym hange on the crosse on hys on hys
His mother and I stode there under
And I herde whan he cryed hely hely
And sawe Longes smyte his herte a sonde
His lawes to the people wyl I preche
And all that euer do folowe me in peace
The kyngdome of heuen they; soules shall receyve
There hauyng loye that neuer shall cease
But now the troble loue that we shulde to god owe
Open gyueth it to rycheffe that is mutable
Full loye they wyl it repente I stowe
That euer they were of mynde so vnsustable

Intentio iudicat quenquam
So great de lyte thou mayst haue therein
That afoze god it is deedly spene
But farewell / ponder cometh syr Wylliam of trentem.

✠ S. Johan the Euangelyste.

¶ That lord whiche is princypall
Conserue and kepe this congregacyon
And couer you with his mantell perpetuall
After that ye do passe both dethes bysytacyon
¶ This prince bynge you to that holy nacyon
Wher lone dothe dwell with byrgnyte
And to grue you playne infyrmytyon
In that realme dwelleth the holy trynyte
¶ I am Johan / that presently dothe apere
Called the grace of god by interpretacyon
And of my doctryne ye lyte to here
¶ Hoche can I shewe you of Chyttes incarnacyon
And of his passyon / so; verely I was there
¶ I sawe hym hange on the crosse on hye on hye
His mother and I stode there vnder
And I herde whan he cryed Hely Hely
And sawe Longes smyte his herte a souden
His lawes to the people wyll I preche
And all that euer do folowe me in peace
¶ The kyngdome of heuen they; soules shall receyve
¶ There haung loze that neuer shall cease
But nowe the trobot lone that we shalve to god owe
¶ Wen gyueth it to cychele that is mutable
¶ Full loze they wyll it repente I stowe
¶ That euer they were of mynde so vnsustable

If any man wyll haue rycheſſe goodly
I wyll haſtely agayne be here
And thereof he ſhall haue gladly
At all tymes I wyll hym chere
My commynge hither was for yowre furtheraunce
And nowe I leaue you in goddes gouernance.

Acte.

Alas myghty myghte you be
Who was that that talled me
So cry to daye
One reſyded me with a bolle of water
There was a ſhynde mater
Sodayly one to aſtraye
It was ſome knane my brother
Behynde hym and none other
For that aſaye
I was faſte a ſlepe
Till I felte the wote
Full ſyll I laye
He brake myne olde cuſtome
For I wolde haue layne tyll noone
And than haue ryſen to playe
But nowe to the purpoſe
For by the ſaythe that nowe gaſe
I loue to goo gaye
And with other mennes wyues
That be wanton of lyues
Ofte do I ronne aways
And where ſo euer I go
One good conſydion haue I to
I be neuer trouthe to lye
Alſo I haue a great deſyre if ye wyll me leaue

D. II.

Even here lys in the bottom of my hewe.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ By god syz and I do laye a playster to your cote
I wyll heale it I dare lay a grote.

¶ Actio.

¶ Eugenio/ fro whence come you.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Fro thence that ye were spake of ryght now
ye shall haue an offyce.

¶ Actio.

¶ What is that I may you tell me.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ By my fayth ye shall be hangeman of Caius
thereto ye be appoynted verely.

¶ Actio.

¶ Than the tytill man that shall be hanged shall then be
so; I tell the I wyll begynne with the.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ May syz/ but herke what I shall the say
Here was one late this same daye
That disprayed rycheite wo:ldly
He sayd he that dothe forsake prosperytie
And take hym to worfull pouerte
He shall haue ioy eternally.

¶ Actio.

¶ What was he:

¶ Eugenio.

¶ A doctour as semed me
He spake as holily
As though god had ben his coloure.

¶ Actio.

¶ Yet but was he not myrrid with hypocresy.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ As man / he spake so goodly
He had almoste chaunged my mode
I had thought to gyue awaye my goode
And than aske my selfe for charytie.

¶ Actio.

¶ Why woldest thou haue ben so wytty
Naye thou arte a loole and thou wylte for any eggenge
Gyue away thyne owne good and goo thy self a beggeng
For so wylt not I do yet trust me.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Why he promett mooste largely
That I shulde in lope lyue euer
Where I shall dye neuer
Thus also he sayd verely
That I shulde tele there no yll
And haue all that I desyre wyl
And is god in his maiestie
Also he promett me a greater byr
That I shulde haue all that I wolde desyre.

¶ Actio.

¶ I rede the laye that thought awaye
For mayst thou not se all daye
That they that blyth spoyte and playe
Lyue at ease meryly
They haue mooste hertlyf rest
And fareth of the beste
That thus spendeth theyr lyues in solyte.

¶ Eugenio.

¶ Well than my wyte I wyl renouce
For I trowe thou sayest full trewe
If I do it / and afterwarde reue it
Is to gyue away my good

The man / he spake so goodly
He had almoste changed my mode
I had thought to geue awaye my goode
I no than aske my selfe for charytie.

Actio.

Exhy woldest thou haue ben so wytty
Saye thou arte a foole and thou wylte for any eggynge
Geue away thyne owne good and goo thy self a beggynge
For so wyll not I do yet trust me.

Eugenio.

So he promett moſte largely
That I shulde in lope lyue euer
Wher I shall dye neuer
Thus also he sayd verely
That I shulde tele there no yll
And haue all that I desyre wyll
And is god in his maiestie
Also he promett me a greater byre
That I shulde haue all that I wolde desyre.

Actio.

I rede the laye that thought awaye
For mayst thou not se all daye
That they that blyth spoyle and playe
Lpue at ease meryly
They haue moſte hertlyſt reſte
And fareth of the beste
That thus spendeth theyr lyues in tolyte.

Eugenio.

Tell thou my wytte I wyll reueale
For I trowe thou sayest full trewe
If I do it / and afterwarde reue it
Is to geue away my good

I trowe I shulde it forthynke
Without a cuppe than myght I drynke
For that purse that sowreth not trynke
His mayster weareth a threde bare hode.

Actio.

See ye man/that is trowe in dede
But let vs go walke a space
For yuell counsaile byther wyll spede
That person I trowe he be boyde of all grace.

Eugenio.

Go we hence than in tyme
Hastely we wyll come agayne
For Johan wyll be here by pyne
His sermonde wolde I here sayne.

yuell counsaile.

By your leaue let me come nere
What dothe all this company here
Where after is your gappuge
By our ladye a maystere I haue soughte nye and farr
For sythe I came fro Rochester
I haue spent all my wyntynge
By our lady I wyll no more goo to Conentry
For there knaues let me on the pylletry
And threwe egges at my hede
So soze that my nose dyd blede
Of whyte wyne galons thurty
Somtyme in London dyd I dwell
I was prentys with yuell counsell
And so men calleth me
I hope agayne to go thyder
If sommer were come and saye wether
And lyue full merely

I haue sought Englands thorow and thorow
Village/towne/cytie/and howse
With many a thousande bequeynted I am
As yll tongued churles/and many a proude gentyll man
That shrewdly roundeth many a pykell
Whan they in yonge wyues eeres dothe whysell
Of maters partaynyng to Venus actes
With saye flatteryng wordes and pretty knaches
Both men and women they byrnye to lechery
Throughe me yuell counsaile to lyue in aduoutry
In Cornewall I haue ben and in Kent
Westmyster/saynt Katheryns/and in bouthyftes rent
There I rested very lately
Now saye wolde I haue a mayster
That wolde do by my counsell
For though he spende and be a waster
To get money I can teache hym the crafts well.

¶ I deluise.

¶ What art thou tell me that speketh this.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

¶ Mary syr a man that wolde haue a seruyce
Great nede haue I thereto.

¶ I deluise.

¶ Why what seruyce canst thou do.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

¶ Bothe keale and lye/and on your erande go
To sette an other mannes wyfe to your bedde.

¶ I deluise.

¶ If I of suche thynges may be spedde
I am gladd that we be met.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

¶ In Englands shall nothing me let

With you wyll I hyde for ever
But mayster haue ye any wyfe?

¶ Idelnesse.

Ce no than. xrb. by my lyfe
But some other men kepeth them for me.

¶ Iuell counseyl.

Cary sy; no force/it costeth you the lesse money
But you haue good chere whan you come.

¶ Idelnesse.

Ce at meat I am mery/and at bed yf I lyfte too playe.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

CThan they; husbundes be out of the waye
Or els ye come not there.

¶ Idelnesse.

CJes yes dayly/and make good chere
And not spyed at all/I haue suche polesy.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

C I am glabde that ye be so wytty
And sy; yf you wyll haue a freshe lusty trull
I wyll get her you/or a huswye that can spyn a pounde
(of woll)

¶ Idelnesse.

CThan wyll we drynke wyne at the full
In one place yf thou canste helpe me.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

C I pray you tell me what is she.

¶ Idelnesse.

CAn artfycers wyfe/a pety woman.

¶ Iuell counsaile.

C Sy; I wyll goo to my brother temptacion
And than to wanton youthe I wyll make a sacron
For bytwene vs thre
Of her your pleasure ye shall haue hardely.

¶ Iohnelle.
¶ Shall I go with you also.

¶ euell counsaile.
¶ He say and it please you so to do
Howe say you / haue not they merpyles
That may kysse and balle other mennes wyues
A tounge is full of tolyte
But whan sawe you your brother sensualye.

¶ Iohnelle.
¶ Sy I kiste hym on the playne of Salysbury
He tolde me that he wolde lyfe
Some good felowe from his thyfte
And as I trowe somwhat he wyl gette
To make with the peny
Many one for they good do labour and sweete
But he dothe not so / he getterh it lyghely.

¶ euell counsaile.
¶ Sy he dyde me a threude turne as I you tell.

¶ Iohnelle.
¶ I pray the shewe me howe it befell.

¶ euell counsaile.
¶ The laste daye sy I wylle
The puttocke that he wore on his fyfte
Wolde haue trode my heins
And by I caught a rottocke
And byt hym on the buttocke
That there laye in a thenne.

¶ Iohnelle.
¶ Wherby knowest thou that it was he.

¶ euell counsaile.
¶ For he had a bell aboute his kene
And therby kene hym knewe.

I byd hym holde in the towne
Tyll at the laste he had his mynde
God gyue hym an yll getwe.

¶ Iohelneffe.

¶ And what meate byd thou gyue hym
Say on hardely.

¶ guell counsaile.

¶ Some a fayre pece of baken
And a blacke bolle full of barley.

¶ Iohelneffe.

¶ By Iesu this is a gentyll meate for a hawke
To kepe bydes thou art very connyng
Thy thyfste I trowe is layde a sonnyng
But tell me now where is thy wounnyng.

¶ guell counsaile.

¶ By at the stowes is my moste abydyng
Othertwile goyng / and somtyme rydyng
And yf the grounde be upper and abydyng
In saythe I fall downe mostelyng.

¶ Iohelneffe.

¶ What some pleasure than there areres
Betwene your heed betwene your eeres.

¶ guell counsaile.

¶ Say syt it shall be yours and theirs
For whan a man bath snowe
Let hym parte with his neyghbours.

¶ Iohelneffe.

¶ It is thy destiny I trowe
For to be cladd all in brees
And ryde the horse with four eeres.

¶ guell counsaile.

¶ Say syt not afoze you

For I loue yll so heauy
I syde in a saddle but ye shall syde in a halter.

Joelmeke.

Can good saythe knaue thou shalte beare me a charge.

Joelmeke.

And thou shalte haue another as I can byt the a myght.

Joelmeke.

Whye hurteft thou not come of.

Joelmeke.

May I trowe ye do but shalle

But I wolde not so; an hundred pounde fyghte with the.

Joelmeke.

Whye is tell me;

Joelmeke.

For I neuer fought with man but he dyde

And is shude you and ye byt my fleshe abys.

Joelmeke.

Whye I had leuer thou wast dyde

Thou arte as manly as yll cheyngye

Thou were a good helde scione to go a cheyngye

Joelmeke.

Will let be go to buttherston a whole pence

But let some othe bepe et ydones

For I dare laye therof. xi. pence

Whe shall haue a fermen o; myght.

Joelmeke.

I trowe thou be wyll come bythe

That laye fyft in pynche togyther.

Joelmeke.

Go we/ for we two wyll go shude

There as we wyll make may by this myght.

Joelmeke.

Can I have ben longe charge

C.H.

For I loue yll to be lousyd
I syde in a labyll / but ye shall syde in a halow.

¶ Holmelle.

¶ Can good saythe kenne thou shalte beare me a hope.

¶ A well counsaile.

¶ And thou shalte haue another an I can byt the a syde.

¶ Holmelle.

¶ Why shyteth thou not come of.

¶ A well counsaile.

¶ May I trowe ye do but shalle

But I wolde not so; an hundred pounde fyghte with the.

¶ Holmelle.

¶ Why is tell me.

¶ A well counsaile.

¶ For I neuer fought with man but he dyde

And so shulde you and ye dyd my wretches abyde.

¶ Holmelle.

¶ Wary I had leuer thou wote syde

Thou arte as manly as yll cheyngys

Thou wote a good helde selow to go a cheyngys.

¶ A well counsaile.

¶ Well let be go to butheston a whole house

And let some othe here et syde

For I dare laye therof. H. p. nece

Wt shall beare a sermon o; myght.

¶ Holmelle.

¶ I trowe thou he wyll come hyther

That laye syt Iu pynche togyther.

¶ Holmelle.

¶ Go we / for we two wyll go syde

There as we wyll make mery by this syde.

¶ Holmelle.

¶ Can I have ben longe a syde

¶ H.

I saye I wolde se you by the light daye

¶ **Eugenio.**

There hath be a saye araye

where we to haue be

There was layeng of the lawe

And all was not worthe a newe lawe

So god helpe me.

¶ **Actio.**

Chy I sawe the wench that dyde yowre necke clate

that bare in her hande a gay getogate

We thought it was lyke a paine

Of a whypinge

She helde me with a tale of tye marye talp

Till my thyfte was gone as quyte as a dally

God wote it is a nyce thyng.

¶ **Eugenio.**

Pease man/ye shall here a sermonfayon

Of the eagle that ryseth full bye

¶ If he do here thy exclamacyon

He wyll make the to fyre.

¶ **Actio.**

Not in a ferynge I trowe

Peace for he is come nowe.

¶ **Johan the Euangelyst.**

Come vnkynde, wretched and mortall

¶ Heken to this perable that I shall tell.

¶ **Eugenio.**

The berryng therof gyue you I shall.

¶ **Actio.**

And I to do by your counsaile yf ye saye well.

¶ **Johan the Euangelyst.**

Come I begreue/gyue good audience

Two men attended ones to a temple to praye
Thei conuersacyon haunge great difference
It was the pharyse and the publican I saye
Two ensamples by them perceyue we maye
The great pryde of the pharyse
Other mennes fautes he displayed aye
And his owne counsaile hyd vnder false hewe
In the publicans prayers there was than
A great excellence of mekenesse
He dyspyed hymselfe a wretched man
Thynkyng the creature exceded hym in goodnesse
His fautes he dyd confesse
With great ioye for his transgression
And in the pharyses prayer dyd expresse
Of full pryde and adulation
He prayde not / but prayled hymselfe there
Standyng byrgher with a pette face
The masse begynneth with Confiteor
And endeth with Deo gratias
Euen the reuers he dyd in this case
There the masse endeth he beganne proudly
Makynge no confession of his trespass
But sayd (Deo gratias ago tibi)
In than he thanked god he was not to blame
But in that he thanked hym not with besye mekenesse
The spere of synne he reherled by name
In whiche all synnes be comprehended expresse
By rauensours is vnderstande couetyse
In byrgherfull to say pryde of hym than
In auowtry / all lechery that men can reherce
And thus he excused hym selfe / & sclaudyed the publican

I pay my tythes he sayd also
And so he dyd/ but not of the beste
In that Cayne he was lyke to
For he fedde alway of the worst
Twyls in the weke he sayd he dyd faste
To ate and drinke he dyd/ but not fro dethe
And that is the faste that pleaseth god beste
But therat hypocrytes wyl not begyne
Agayne god he synned greuously
In that he iustified hym selfe so
And his euen Christen sclaundering malyciously
(Tu testimonium perhibetis de teipso)
(Et testimonium tuum non est verum) I say so
Wherfore god dyd hym deuyde
Fro the nyne partes of aungels the tenth so
There Lucifer is falle for his pryde
The gospell sayd/ who doth hye hym shall be owe
All they that praysech them selfe do synne be you sure
And so you cursed men do your cure
For by goddes iugement
If ye forsake not your synne be you sure
Ye go to hell/ Wherfore repente.

Ambo.

O crye god mercy for myne offence
My wycked lyfe I do desyre.

Eugenio.

Also I am soye of my negligence
Your doctryne I wyl folowe full mekely.

S. Iohan the Euangelyste.

This sample god sayth vs to
That we shulde consyder it wysely
Who demeth hym selfe good/ is ferre there fro
And he that thynketh hymselfe synfullest is blyssed hereby

Thynke now that your purpose was sette cursedlye
In synne thus to lede lyues wayne
vnder colour of vertue / demping your selfe good
you and all they that it dothe sustayne
We woulde than the pharysey / mentres lawes are woode
Remember this for the reuerence of hym y dyed on croode
And to the lawes of the churche abyde euery man
And ye shall be parteners of Chyistes precious bloode
And blessed of god as was the publycan
Thus yf ye wyll be sadfaste and trewe
Jesu wyll than with his grace you reuewe
To that lordes blyss ye shall come all a
Qui uiuit per infinita seculorum secula.

Amen.



Thus endeth the Enterlude of saynt Johan
the Euangelyste. Imprinted at London
in foster lane by John Watley.



~~NOV 24 '58 H~~

~~NOV 26 '60~~



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John the Evangelist.

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